

I remember once  
you watched me watch you  
while you knitted a sweater  
for him, and  
asked, "What are you  
trying to do,  
memorize me?"

And  
always, always  
you are asking,  
"What are you  
thinking  
now?"

Thinking of Mo Tzu

But  
what the hell  
is love  
a thought  
a question  
or an answer?

-- G. R. Morgan

By the river edge  
boys are waiting  
holding in their hands  
the looped ends of coiled rope.  
We pass  
thinking of the sea  
six hundred miles away  
as they poke and wave among the rushes.  
Further on  
more children  
sail straw boats  
sealed with beeswax and pine tar  
in the murk and churn of the river.  
We pass  
to watch the hills  
fold away beneath a sky  
patched with clouds and strung with sunset.  
Still  
many miles  
from the sea the boat slows  
culling what it can from the sails.  
The river  
ever widening  
is lined with old men moving South.  
The banks are steep and muddy.  
Before the purple night geese alight  
flying high over the pale moon.

-- Ben Pleasants

Westwood, California